

CHRISTOPHER CRICKET

ON

CATS

BY

ANTHONY H EUWER

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

WALLACE IRWIN



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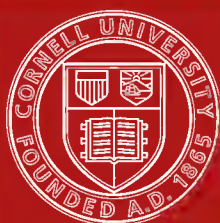
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CHRISTOPHER CRICKET.

CHRISTOPHER CRICKET

ON

CATS

WITH OBSERVATIONS AND DEDUCTIONS FOR THE
ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE HUMAN RACE
FROM INFANCY TO MATURITY
AND EVEN OLD AGE

By

ANTHONY HENDERSON EUWER

Optically Exemplified by the Author

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

WALLACE IRWIN

SECOND EDITION

THE LITTLE BOOK CONCERN
NINETEEN FORTY-SEVEN BROADWAY
NEW YORK.

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BY
ANTHONY H. EUWER

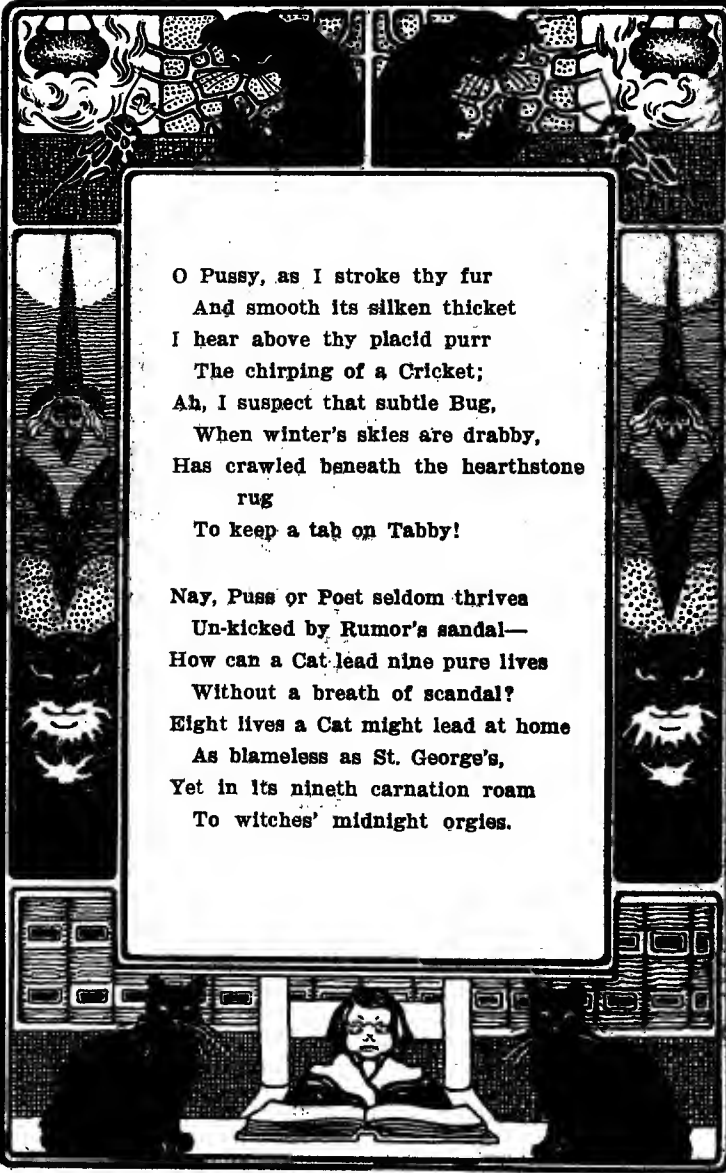
Deadication

To all the Cats that ever meowed
On this or any sphere,—
From the beginning of all time
Unto this present year;

To all the Cats that's still to come,
And to all those that lives,
And to their ghosts,—each countin nine,
And to their relatives;

And to each one who likes some sort
Of Cat, no matter what,—
I deadicat this little book
With kind and lovin thought.

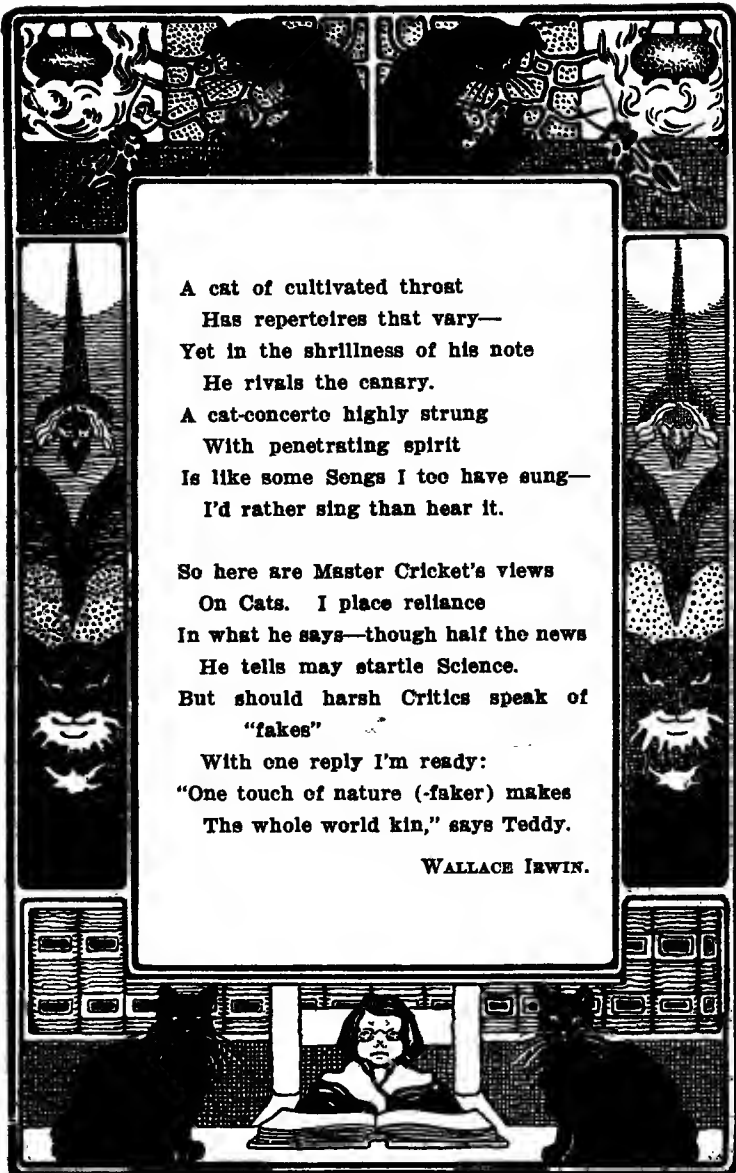
And spesh'lly
to
Samuel T. Shaw.



O Pussy, as I stroke thy fur
And smooth its silken thicket
I hear above thy placid purr
The chirping of a Cricket;
Ah, I suspect that subtle Bug,
When winter's skies are drabby,
Has crawled beneath the hearthstone
rug
To keep a tap on Tabby!

Nay, Puss or Post seldom thrives
Un-kicked by Rumor's sandal—
How can a Cat lead nine pure lives
Without a breath of scandal?
Eight lives a Cat might lead at home
As blameless as St. George's,
Yet in its ninth carnation roam
To witches' midnight orgies.





A cat of cultivated throat
Has reperteires that vary—
Yet in the shrillness of his note
He rivals the canary.
A cat-concerto highly strung
With penetrating spirit
Is like some Sengs I too have sung—
I'd rather sing than hear it.

So here are Master Cricket's views
On Cats. I place reliance
In what he says—though half the news
He tells may startle Science.
But should harsh Critics speak of
"fakes"

With one reply I'm ready:
"One touch of nature (-faker) makes
The whole world kin," says Teddy.

WALLACE IRWIN.





LIKE COLUMBUS, MUNCHAUSEN, DARWIN AND THOMPSON SETON, THE WRITER HAS TRAVELED SOME BUT WRITTEN LOTS MORE.

Preface .



N bringin this work before the public its a good thing to know that most everything here is pretty true, all cept some of the things Uncle Ben's helped on, and if readers is ever awful doubtful in these places, guess they'd better use their own judgments. Every thing learned here has been the fruits of unremitin observation, lots of askin, and a terrible lot of thinkin. Of course everybody knows how hard it is to find out everything, and that's why this work should be of speshul value to students of wizdum.

Like Columbus, Munchausen, Darwin and Thompson Seton, the writer has traveled some but written lots more, lovin Nature like the very Dickens since his tenderest infancy. Out of respect and kindness for the

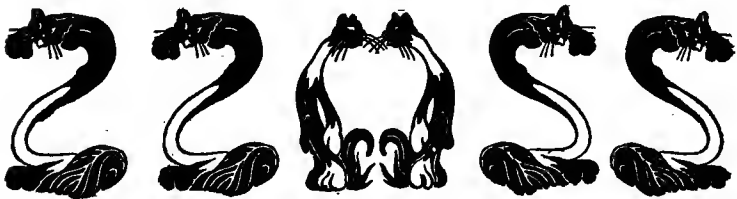
gentle reader, Scientific Ap-pel-lations, At-ten-u-ated Fraz-e-ol-o-gy, and very long words from Foreign, Ob-so-lete and Bar-bar-i-ous Languages has been mostly Ex-pur-ga-ted (meanin to cut out), though some still remains, which, if people dont understand, taint the writer's fault.

People that's Om-niv-er-ous Readers hadn't ought to read more than about jest one part at a time, then think pretty hard for a long while about what they've been learnin. This is so they wont get Mentel De-range-ment and builds up the brain cavaties fine.

Of course everybody wont agree may be with all of the writer's views and things, jest like with all other great writers,—that's why great writers have different views anyhow.

As its not good manners to talk about yourself, the reader will descry that these sentences has been writ-ten in the third person, and would have been written in the fourth if other persoots hadn't stopped his persuin the advanced stages of grammar.

Its hoped that all will get what they're lookin for and lots more.

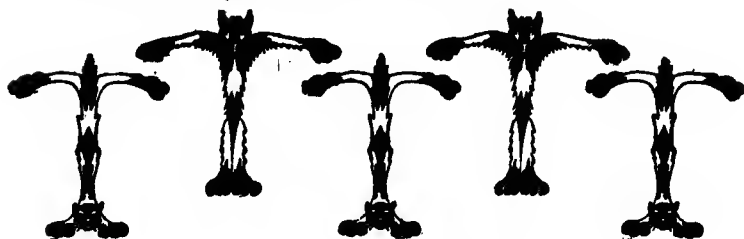




FOR JEST LIKE FOLKS, YOU'LL FIND THAT THESE
HAS NO END TO THEIR QUALITIES.

Cats and Humans—All the Same

Of all the beasts that live, we must,
I guess, call Cats the humanust;
For jest like folks, you'll find that these
Has no end to their qualities.
For some is fat and some is lean,
Some very dirty and some clean,—
Some's always lickin at their fur
And some's not so particular.
Some Cats take jest fresh milk and meat,
Some takes all that they're gave to eat.
Some Cats they cough, and some they wheeze,
And some's afflicted by dizeeze;
Some Cats is blind, and stone-deaf some,
But aint no Cat wuz ever dumb.
Some Cats will monkey round and fool,
And play for hours with jest a spool,
While some jest sit and blink their eyes,
Preferrin to philosophise.
Some Cats likes most folks pretty fine,
But some takes care to draw the line.
Some comes and rubs against you which,
Means will you scratch them where they itch,—
While others is so mean all through
They like lots better scratchin you.
And so you see the marvellous
Way Felines does resemble us,
Cats and Humans—all the same,
Jest sort of diff'rin in the name.

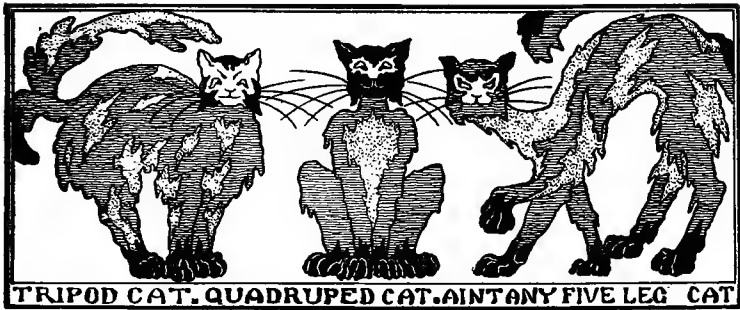


The Cat

The Cat's a four-legged quadruped,—
Not countin in his tail,
The Mrs. is the Tabby Cat
And Thomas is the male.

The Cat it is carniverous,
Although to milk inclinin,
It makes a hump out of its back
And whiskers it looks fine in.

No home should be without the Cat
Aspeshly where there's Mouses,
It never goes away, the Cat,
But stays jest where the house is.

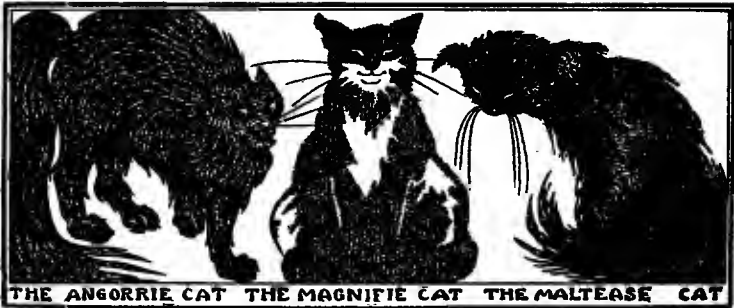


Quantity of Legs



As stated in the foregoing poem, the Cat's a four-legged Quadruped. No Cat has five legs,—if they have, taint a Quadruped Cat. Tri-pod Cats is made by cuttin off one leg.





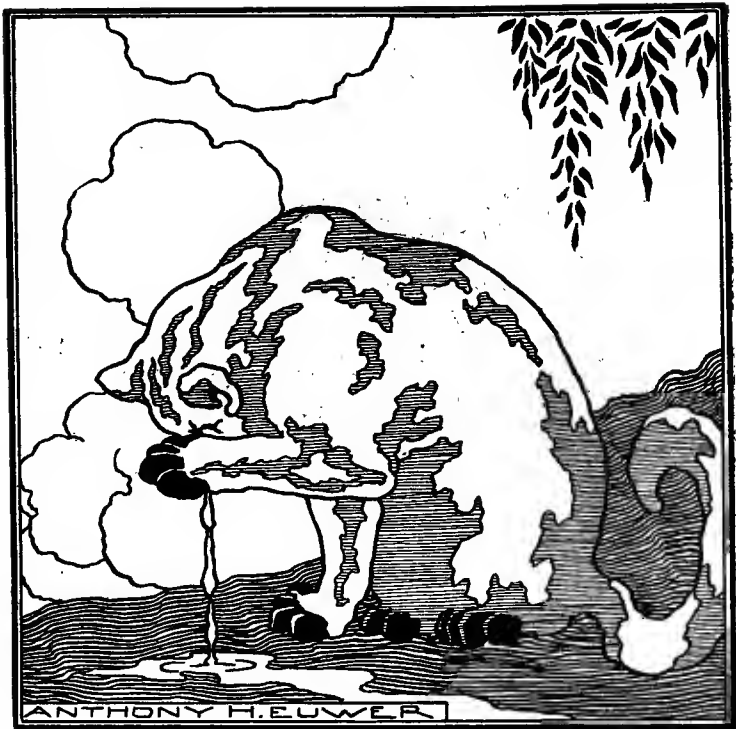
Different Breeds

CATS are different breeds accordin to their dispositions. Cats thats made for little boys and girls to maul and tease is called Maltease Cats. Some Cats is known by their queer purs,—these is called Pursian Cats. Though most Cats is kind unles molested, some aint,—Cats with very bad tempers is called Angorrie Cats. Sometimes a very fine Cat is called a Magnificat. In tropic lands the Cat is called a Popocatapelt. Cats with deep feelins is called Feline Cats.

Differenses Frum Other Things



ATS is different frum Horses cause they have Kittens.



CATS WITH DEEP FEELINS IS CALLED FELINE CATS.

Uses of Cats



SOMETIMES Cats has saved the intire lives of infants by not lowin em to swallow their fur and ticklin em to death. Cats has been known to save hundreds of dollars' worth of things frum bein robbed, by lettin Burglars stumble over them in the dark and wakin up the house-hold.

Principál Dizeezes



HE principal dizeezes of Cats is Cata-racts, Catarrah, Catagoria, Catar-wauls, Caterpillars, Catawba and Cat-aleapsy.

Some Cats is great leapers and when very joyous jump themselves all around through the adjacent atmosphere. This is called Cataleapsy, and gets to be a dizeeze which they throw themselves into any time they think of somethin very funny. Purrin's like pulse is with health and indicates the state of happiness of the purrer. Jest plain purrin means they've got no particular objections to any thing long as they're allowed to pur, but more than sixty purs a minute indicates their pleasure's rousin and that Cataleapsy's comin on if they're not saddened sufficient in time. Sometimes Cataleapsy is jest intermittent in spells, but sometimes Uncle Ben says it has been known to last for days, touchin the ground only at rare intervals, and that often nothin wuz left of the victim but a few dyin purs and some fur. Frum purrin meanin to indicate, he says we derive the expression "how much pur".



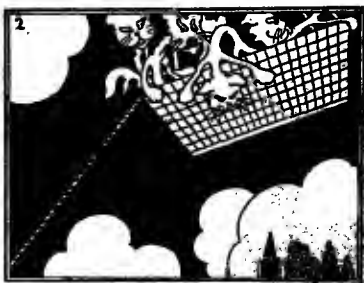
HE principal products of Cats is Cat's-eyes, Cat-tails, Catacombs, Catamarans, Catagories, Cata-pults, Catnip, and Caterers.



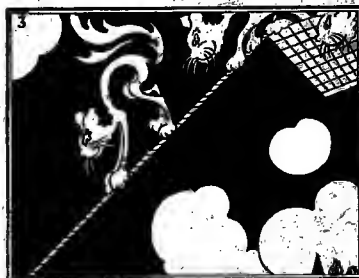
CATALEPSY.



Cataleptics these are, truv'lin to the moon—
See how big the trees are from the big balloon.
Two chaps they get scary just as they've begun,
Anchor drops most very quiet here in one.



With a sudden pullin, old baloon comes taut,
Captain Michael Mewlin says the blame thing's caught.
"Some one brave and tried, we'll need to see us through."
Captain Michael's cried, up here in number two.



"Sposen we slide down and do the best we ken,
Take a look aroun and then report again."
Said the Fraidies while, the rest all breathleslie,
Sat and watched 'em pile out here in number three.



Soan they found the anchor in a tree-top's height—
Started in to yaak her all their bloommin might.
"Bet when this is loose, I go back there an more,
Watch me just vermoose," he says in number four.



While the words he's utt'rin—whoof! ker wif!
kerwee!
While shebang goes sputt'nin—good-bye Mister
Tree!
"Gosh but that was quick! but now to keep alive
Guess we'd better stick," he says in number five.



Nuw as brave old heroes, back again they're
gittin—
Rest don't knaw haw near those heroes came to
quittin.
If tha they'd their freedom with their funny tricks,
Guess you'd never seed em here in number six.



CATS TALK TOGETHER BY MEWIN, FRUM WHENCE WE GET THE WORD
"COMMEWNICAT."

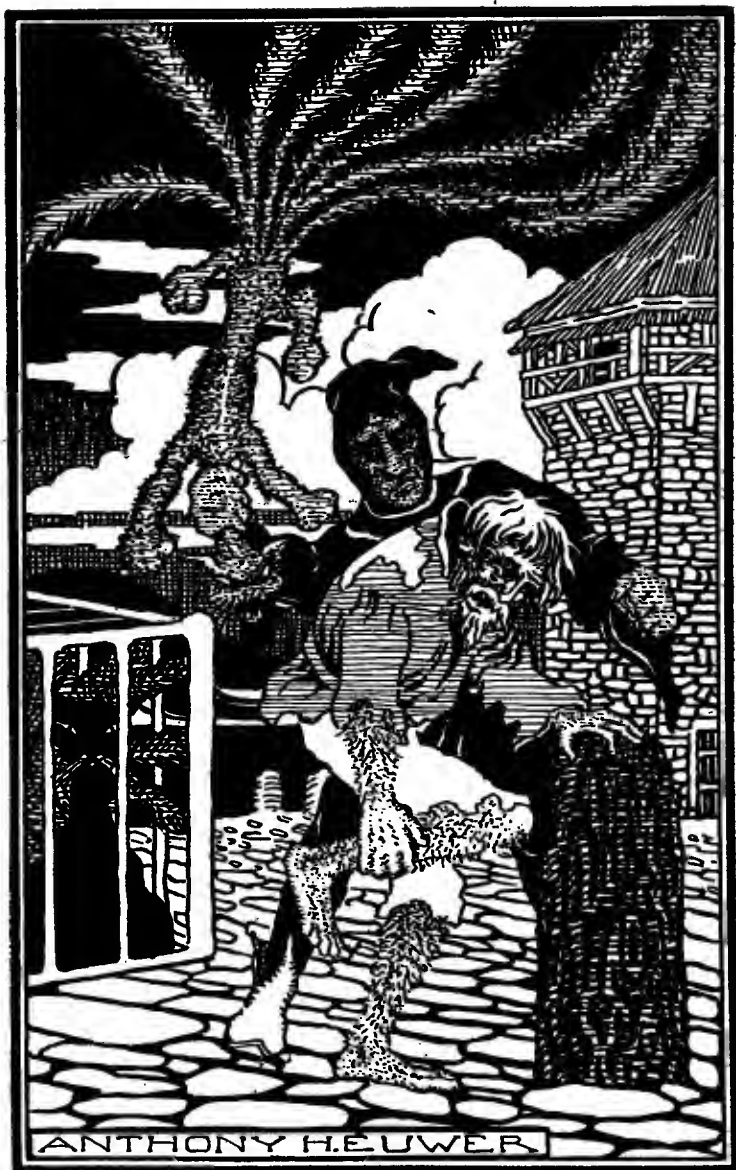
Speshul Peculiararaties



ATS talk to each other by mewin, frum
whence we get the word "Commewni-
cat." As Cats has nine lives they
have to be killed many times before
they're seriously dead. Killin Cats is
considered unlucky, speshly by Cats.

Once there wuz a speshul kind of Cat havin nine
long tails, each tail being connected with one of its
lives inside, and this Cat, he wuz called a Cat-o-nine-





THESE CATS WUZ USED FOR LICKEN TRANSGRESSORS.

tails. These Cats wuz used jest for lickin transgressors, the Cat bein taken by their necks accordin to Uncle Ben, and swung through the surroundin ozone till the tails stopped at whatever portion of the transgressor wuz to be licked. Of course each tail that wore out wuz one less life for the Cat, and if the neck wore out first then the whole Cat wuz one less so that soon there wuzn't enough Cats with enough tails or necks to go round all the transgressors and this speshul species soon become extinct.

Course the transgressors didn't blame the Cats so much,—it wouldn't have made any difference to the Cats if they had. I guess tho, if the transgressors hadn't transgressed and the Cats had bit off their exter tails when they wuz Kittens, they might have all lived happy lives.





Music's Debt to Cats



ATS is very musical, bein filled with violin-strings which is coiled up like clock springs and which is worked like wind-instruments by blowin through them with their livers. Cats





is very emotional and when agitated can run through the whole gimlet of Cataline Passions,—both joyous, lovin and remorseful.

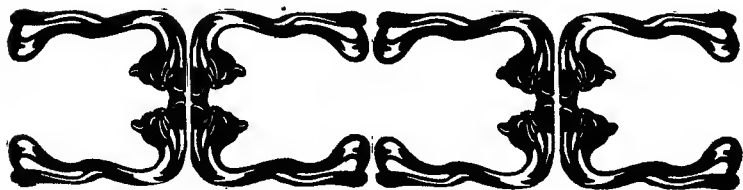
Cats is very romantic and compose many beautiful Sarahnaids while singin, without ever thinkin them up at all. Many cats like to get on backyard fences and walls and sing what's called Knockturns, so that when somethin knocks them they can turn quick to the other side. That's why they always sing them on walls and fences because there's always a other

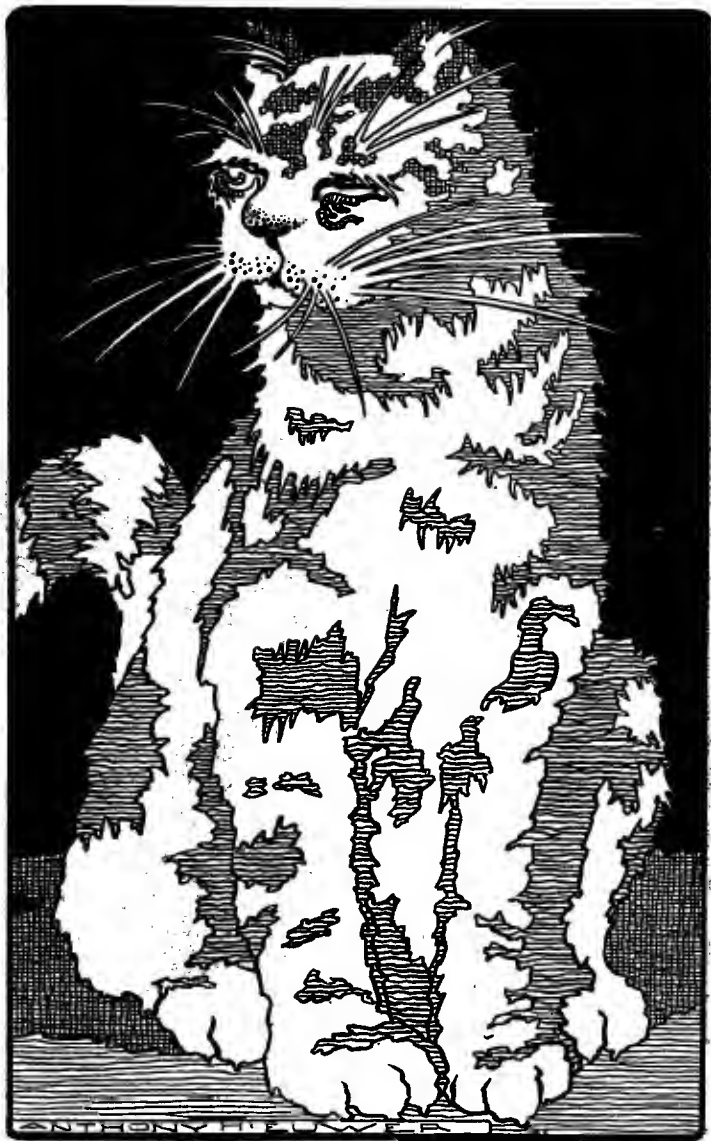


side which is very useful for turnin purposes, when there's no tellin which side things are comin frum. When Cats are knocked durin the persuit of musical leighbors it is called a Catastrophy.

Some people haven't any ear for Cat music at all, much prefurrin silence,—these is called Insomniasts. Then there's Psalmnombulists, but they're much worse havin been known to eject bottles, bricks, and shoes with murderous intent, not even waitin till the musical numbers wuz finished.

Uncle Ben says that when he wuz a boy, Psalmnombulists always used boot-jacks which went straight as a gun and never missed, and that the two richest men in his town wuz the Cat Doctor and the Boot-jack Man.





Oh what's the use of anything
In this life anyhow—
Won't nothin matter much I guess
A hundred years from now.



ANTHONY HEUWER

A RAINY CATS AND DOGS.

A Rainen Cats and Dogs

Oh Uncle Ben, he says that he
Has sometimes seen it rain,
In mighty torrents from the sky
With all its might and main,

And got still worser till, he says,
That through the mists and fogs,
It came on down till all at once
'Twas rainen Cats and Dogs.

But they wuz only ghosts, I guess,
For when the storm wuz done,
He looked around to take some home,
And couldn't find a one.



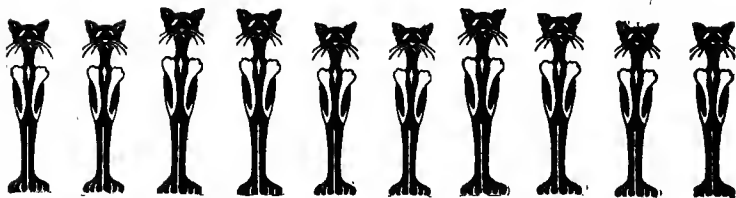
When a Cat has Gone and Died

When a Cat has gone and died,
He lays down upon his side,
Then by ones and twos and threes
Spirits ooze out by degrees.

Then the top one in the air,
Asks em all if they is there,—
Then they answer to the roll
Till jest nine make up his soul.

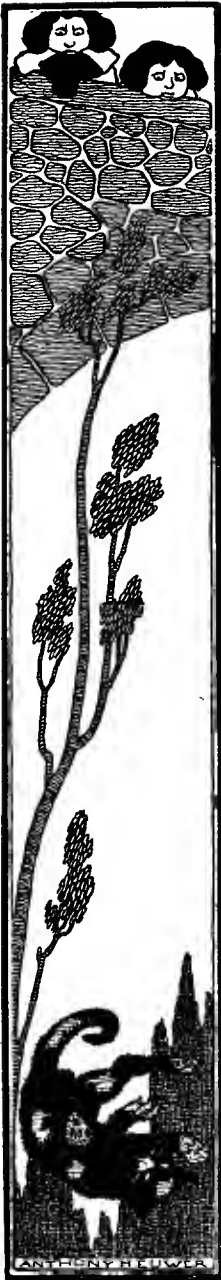
Then with a soft, wailin sound,
All start goin round and round,
Chantin while they're hov'rin, some
Sad and solemn requium.

Then float off with direful moan,—
Him left by hissself alone.





THEN THE TOP ONE IN THE AIR
ASKS EM ALL IF THEY IS THERE.



Cats on Histry's Page, The Cumpuss Cat



ATS has wonderful bumps of directions and can tell which way the earth is no matter how far they've been fawlin frum. Cats is even better than compusses, cause their hairs is all magnetic poles which can be heard crackin by rubbin the fur with the human hand. That's why Cats cant never get lost cept when they're drowned.

Long, long ago Cats wuz used by the Chinease instead of compusses for steerin their ships. This wuz done by puttin the Cat on the behind end of the boat and then whichever way the Cats pointed their tails, they steered the ship. Course sometimes the ships

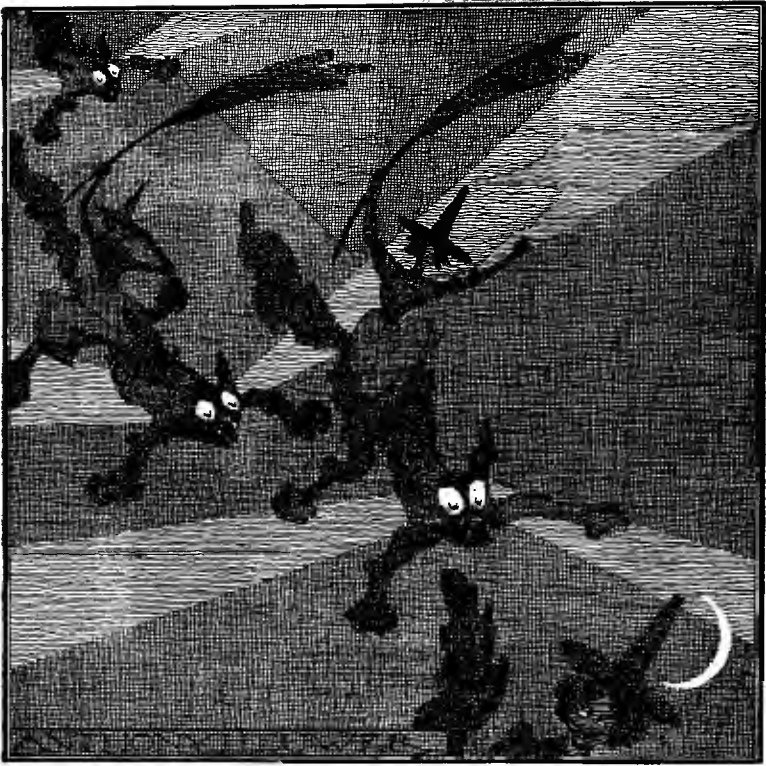




got wrecked, but that wuzn't the Cat's fault, for sometimes the wind would blow their tails different from the way they had em pointin.

Course when Cats do get lost they most always come back, but if they ever dont, taint cause they cant but cause they maybe dont want to. Bet I'd never come back if I wuz some Cats that live some places I know, but Cats is wonderful good-hearted that way and dont seem to mind nothin.



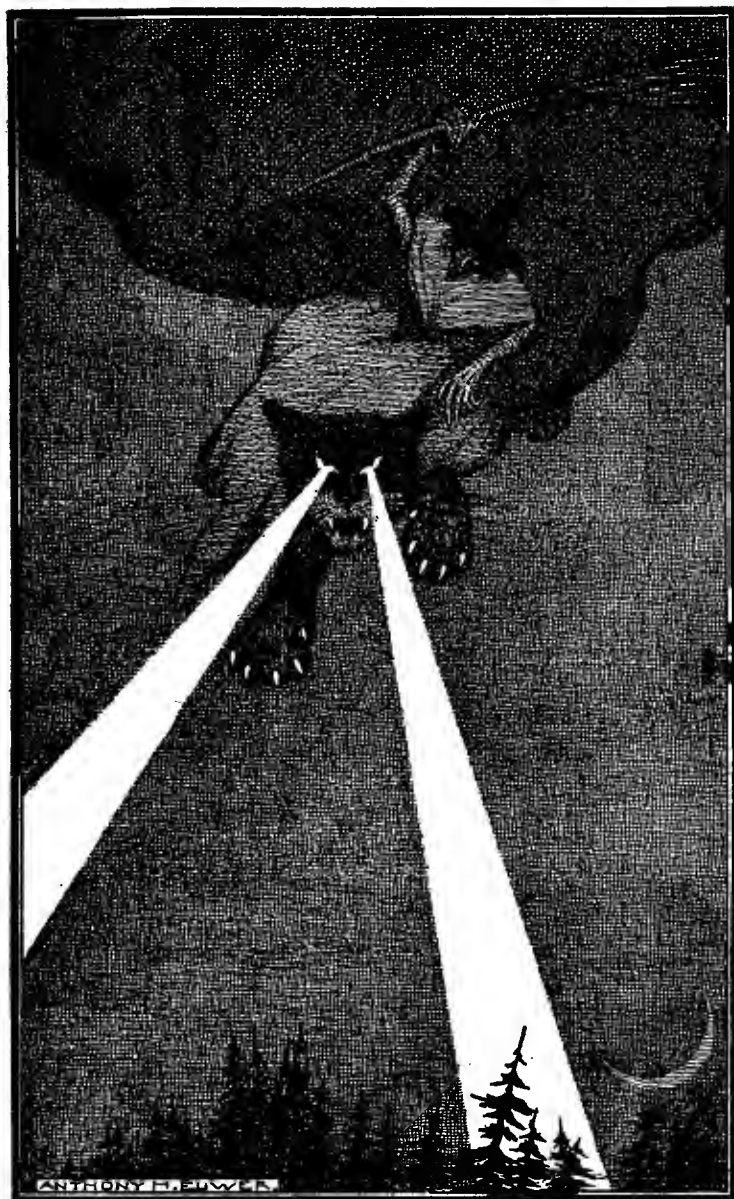


THE WHITCHES THEY USED TO BEAT EM WITH THE BROOM SWITCHES THAT THEY HAD.

Cats on Histry's Page—Wild Cats




N olden times Whitches wuz furnished with Cats and at night time they used to go screetchin round through the air with the Whitches on their backs with great big eyes like fire in the dark and gee! but they must have been terrible big Cats to carry the Whitches. Glad I wuzn't there. And then the Whitches they used to beat em with the broomswitches that they had, so that the Cats wuz jest wild to get away, so that's what made em Wild Cats.



WITH GREAT BIG EYES LIKE FIRE IN THE DARK.



Cats on Histry's Page—The Sacred Cat

 LONG time ago, way back in Egypt, they wuz awful fond of Cats. Uncle Ben says they jest wurshiped them. And sometimes Cats wuz found the colour of red sacks that they kept coffee in, and these wuz called Sack-red Cats and wuz speshly honored by bein burried alive with the dead kings and things. Gee, I'd hate to been a Sack-red Cat.

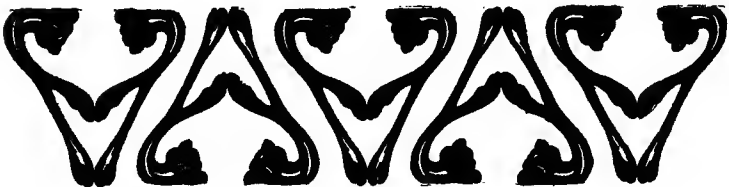
Cats on Histry's Page—The Nights of Malta

In Malta far, which is a Isle
Out in the wavy seas,
A breed of Cats wuz once the style,
And they wuz called Maltease.

Long, lean, and healthful wuz they each,
And they could yowl like blazes,
All through the night, from dusk till light,
In ninety different places.

But all the people wuzn't Jobs,
When anger's ire wuz riz,
So once in all their nightly robes
They up and got to biz.

Some Cats wuz mobbed, some Cats wuz slewn,
And some fled to the sea,—
Skedadlin out into the moon
Far frum their loved coundree.



And folks that night, they swore a oath,
And some cris-crossed their chests,
And some there wuz performed them both,
In memry of the pests.

To celebrate that welcome loss
They called the cris-cross rite
A Maltese Cross, to show how cross
They wuz that fearful night.

The Nights of Malta you've all heard
Tell of on Histry's page,—
Well these wuz those that once occurred
In that Catastrous age.





SOME CATS WUZ MOBSED, SOME CATS WUZ SLEWN AND SOME FLEED TO
THE SEA.

Miscellaneous Observations



VERY skinny Cats is sometimes said to be Catdaverous.

Though Cats can yowl for miles the way they walk so noiseless is something marvellous. Trancendental-

ists say this is because their feet is inhabited by the dead soles of departed beins. Opposite views is held by some Catropodists who say that the reason Cats walk so quiet is jest because they dont want people to know they're comin, and that its a strange fact that they really do walk as loud as Cows and things but that the sound is invisible to the human ear.

Reasons for Different Things



CATS make most noise at night because in the daytime there's so much else goin on that people wont listen to them. The reason Cats can see fine at night is their eyes is jest like lamps,

and so they need lots of oil, and that's why they eat Fishes, cause Fishes is oily. The reason Cats can go anywhere at night is cause they eat lots of Mouses and Mouses can go anywhere at night cept where there's Cats. Cats dont bark cause they're afraid they might be taken for Dogs,—which would be very humiliatin, for Cats are very proud of their Catilage and would rather be taken for Cats than most anything else.



IT'S A STRANGE FACT THAT THEY REALLY DO WALK AS LOUD AS COWS
AND THINGS.

Once there wuz a Bulldog

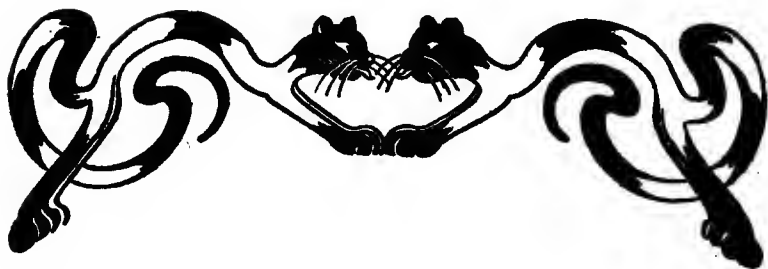
Once there wuz a Bulldog
And a Tabby cat
Thought they'd lick each other
So they had a spat.

When it all wuz over
Didn't much remain,
Cept a hunk of vertibrate
And a squish of brain.

Like the death of Moses
Nothin much is known
Bout the main particlars,
Cept they wuz alone.

Which wuz winnin victor
No soul livin knows,—
Best I guess to leave em
Lyin in repose.

Some day when you're passin
That there spot you'll see
Jest some Catnip growin
By a Dogwood Tree.





WHICH WUZ WINNIN VICTOR NO SOUL LIVIN KNOWS.



Once a Cataleptic
Thinkin of a joke,
Had a awful vilent
Cataleptic stroke:



Shot him up kerswischen
While he flopped around,—
Guess 'twas most a hour be-
Fore he hit the ground.



Came down all exhausted
In the marshes damp,
Wigglin round jest like a
Pretzel with a cramp.



"Gee, I ne'er again will
Think of jokes like that,—
Just one more I'm sure would
Finish this here Cat!"

Why Cats has Whiskers

When a cat he starts to go,
Through a hole somewhere,
He most always likes to know
If there's room to spare.

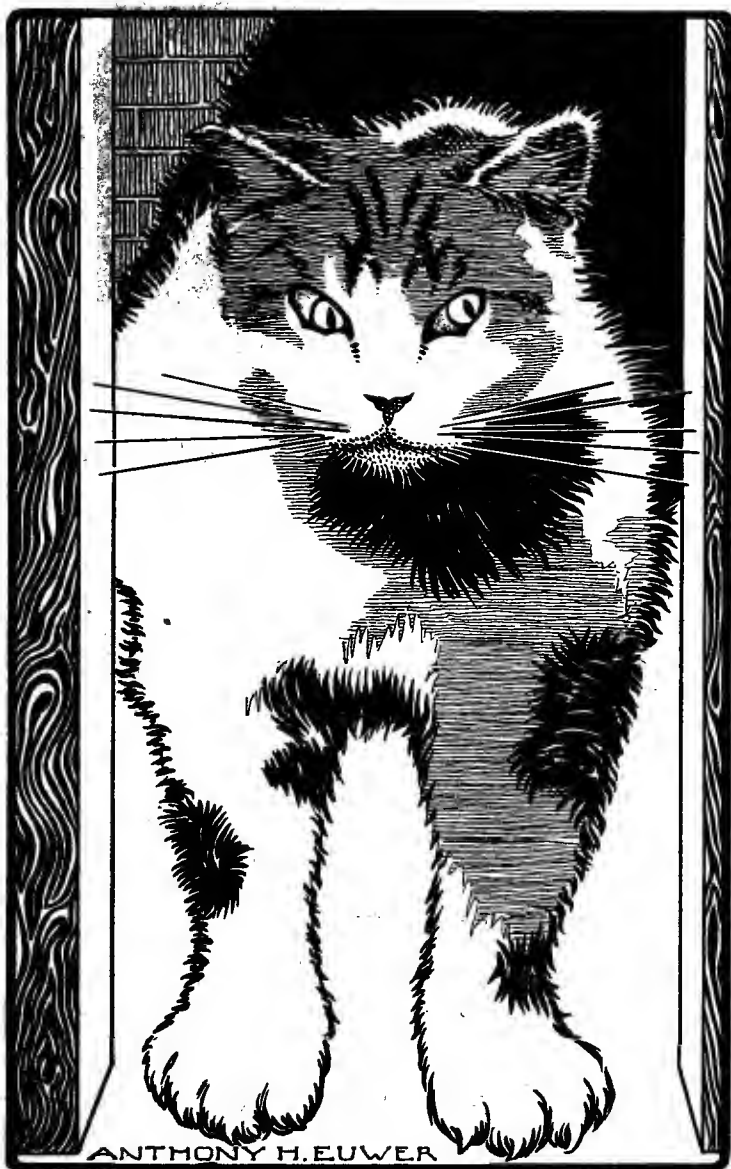
Then he reckons how much space
Does his whiskers take,
By jest pushin through his face
Measurements to make.

If they have to bend, he knows
That it means hard luck,
And the rest of him that goes
Surely will get stuck.

But if they don't bend, you see,
Tells it at a glance,—
Knows its safe as safe can be,
So he takes the chance.

Pity people haven't all
Whiskers like this chap's!
If they had they might fore-stall
Many dire mishaps.





THEN HE RECKONS HOW MUCH SPACE DOES HIS WHISKERS TAKE.

Kittens



FUNNY thing about Kittens is that though they're descended from Cats they begin with a K. Scientists have never discovered why this is and I've been too busy to find out jest why myself. Kittens is jest the same as pressed-in Cats and hence should be fed on kundensed milk.

Kittens is stone-blind for nine days after they're borne. Oculists and Catnologists disagree as to whether this is because they wouldn't understand what things wuz if they did see em, askin so many questions that no mother livin could answer them all at the same time, or as Uncle Ben thinks, its jest to make em glad they're livin later, by keepin their vision retarded until they're able to assimilate objects and things. He says that Kittens always used to put him in mind of wounded soldiers the way they wuz both borne in litters.



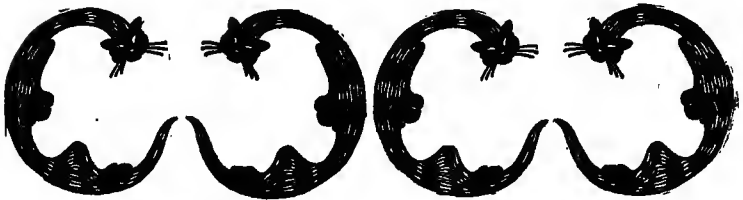
Things Some People Know and Some Things They Don't



H yes I almost forgot. What is it that walks like a Cat and has a tail like a Cat and makes a noise like a Cat and looks jest like a Cat but it aint a Cat? Its a Kitten.

Uncle Ben's Great Grandfather used to tell him one every once and a while,—why is Cats like poor surgeons? Cause they mew-til-late and destroy patience. Then there wuz another that Uncle Ben says he wuz brought up on,—why are Cats' tails like eternity? Cause they're fur to the end.

Guess that's all there is to know about Cats. If there's any more 'taint worth knowin, cause I've paid particular attention to Cats for almost a week and I guess I ought to know.



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